

J. M. J.

O. L. A.

Monteno, Ill.

Jan. 31, '45

My dear Spiritual Father:

I regret sincerely to have caused you the consternation my last letter undoubtedly created. The purpose of this is to say God has so disposed things that the task falls upon another ^{from} whom I little expected to get help. It is Father O'Hara - God has - it is evident to me - given him special grace in the confessional. He is inexperienced in directing religious, but since he seems to be the one chosen by God I know God will supply what is wanting. Please pray for him and pray for my needy

soul, above all, that God may
give me a great simplicity.

It is still wanting in me
and this is the third time
God has let me know.

I count on the fervor of your
holy prayers - and be assured
of mine. You are and will
always be my spiritual father
who taught me to love Him.

The other anxieties are
settled now, too, and I promised
God I would never distrust
Him again. May I be faithful
this time!

I think of you and your
work among your boys, and
pray God may ever bless
your labors among them.
Tomorrow is Christ Friday

and the feast of the Purification, a day of special grace.

I plan to make it a day of Thanksgiving. You will be specially remembered, and are in my endeavors for union with Him.

I am striving to forget self to think of God and His interests, and have found the force from within that I so much needed. The priest I mentioned is a Carmelite who comes for monthly conferences.

God be with you always.
Many thanks for your prayers.

I know they helped very
very much, and I hope
I may continue to count
on them.

I enjoy a boundless
peace - Thank Him for
this. It is such a blessing
and joy after what I
have been through.

Union of prayer and
sacrifice.

Sister Mary

you 5-45.

P. O. Box 223

Mar Vista, Calif.

Father dear,

I won't be able to see you
for a long time again because
I am broke - I am moving to the garage
Wednesday and it's taking all I can scrape
up to make the change and pay on debts
I just want to say hello, I hope you are
well - I wrote father some a few days
ago and today I got a letter from Dr.
again - please pray very hard that God's
holly will be done regarding that
foundation - today I had an awful
experience - I had been asleep - I suddenly
woke up - I seemed kneeling at your
feet I saw hell open and souls and
souls being shovelled in - I hollered
to you and said Father, don't let ^{them}
and I screamed and begged my Jesus
to stop them - it was so awful
that I cannot get it out of my mind

for the police ³³⁹~~am~~ I love the loveliest music
on the radio - it's almost heavenly - man
is so smart to invent so many beautiful things
if they would only give credit ^{to} ~~the~~ who put
the ideas into their heads and give them
the ability to carry them out - people are
funny, good, bad and indifferent it surely
takes divine understanding to know how
to deal with so many different individuals
you know I am half asleep most of the
time when I write you so please excuse
any blunders and be patient with me
I know that you will need the help
of the holy Ghost to make sense out of
my manuscripts -

Trusting you are well dear father
and begging you to continue your holy
prayers for me dear Willie and my little
humbly Mary

I was wide awake when I saw it, and you -
I cannot forget it - I don't like having visions
I still remember my trip thru purgatory, altho
it happened many years ago - and every
thing I have ever seen is so vividly portrayed
in my mind - I sometimes wonder just why
God made me just half way good - I want to know
and love him so much yet seem unable to
get beyond a certain point - Well, father, I
guess I must love God - as much as possible
and be satisfied with my limited understanding
I am enclosing Sr. Veronica's last letter - please
keep it for me - She would come in a minute
but Mother Abbess won't give her or anyone
else up now - I can't understand just why -
it would worry me if I turned down opportunities
all the time as they do - Well, when I hear
from Fr. Dave I'll know how to act with your
approval - I wonder if there is even any
rest for the wicked -

Billie broke up her new friendship
thanks to your good prayers - Debe was sick
on Sunday, so was Billie, so I guess neither went
to the play - They have both been feeling
badly for several days - One of our pts - ran
away before I came on, so far as one has found
her - I fear for her safety, the fog is so dense - I am waiting

J. M. J.
A.M.D.G.

846 West 43rd St.

January 5, 1945

Dear Fr. Aloysius,

I wish to thank you for your prayers and advice that you have so patiently given to my spiritual children and to me. It is such a big problem to care for these souls, in fact, alone, I could never do it.

After our return home last evening, Betty King, filled with fortitude, decided to walk right in the house and announce to her parents her intentions in regards to joining the Catholic Church and going into the ~~General~~ Catholic Hospital. Well, you can imagine what took place and it surely did as you

will learn when you read the enclosed letter.

She had decided, without my asking, to accompany me to the Sorrowful Mother Novena and to Mass Sunday but that is all ended for the time being at least.

Father, my reaction to all of this unpleasantness was entirely different than I ever expected — I cried, not for her or for myself but for her parents. Never have I felt so sorry for any one. I felt confident that Our Lord would straighten out everything in due time, that is as far as Betty was concerned. I do hope that she does not enter the General though. Please pray hard, Jesus always answers you so quickly.

Now, I have had a taste of what the Apostles had to contend with, but my

dear Jesus has given me
 fortitude to meet the situation.
 What do I care if these
 creatures despise me, for
 some day God will make
 them understand how important
 it is to have loved Him. My
 love for souls carries me away
 at times, so much so, that
 when they ignore me my
 heart aches for them. I love
 my Beloved Jesus so much.
 I find it extremely hard to
 stand passively by and watch
 them waste precious time when
 they could be striving for perfection.

My sister, Sadie said that
 Christmas day at Mass a cloud
 was lifted from her mind and
 she understood that she was
 not to worry about creatures or
 anything else. She can also pray

much better. she seems called to church during the day. Thank you, Father, for your prayers in her behalf, only please ask some more for she still has far to go to get the peace of mind necessary for the spiritual life. Pray that she will come to me, I know I can help her if she would only stop talking and hear me.

I believe my Lord was consoling me for this cross, for Sat. Dec. 31, I felt His presence most all day and Sunday, in the afternoon. Tues. Jan. 2, my cross begins: Betty King's parents have told her to not visit me or talk of Our Lord again. However, she had decided to visit you, which we did. Wed. Jan. 3, I felt much better because my niece Norma announced to her husband that she was going to be a saint and begin instructions the next day to be a Catholic. I also felt His presence for about thirty minutes while adorning a crucifix I was to give Betty.

God bless you, Father.
Mrs. Flocca

January 20, 1945

Dear Father Aloysius,

If I thought my apostolic work was at a standstill, I was mistaken, for the moment I arrived home that day from visiting you, it started again.

As I was inquiring about a house I conversed with a Mrs. Anna Castellucci, the mother of four children and the wife of temperamental, irritable, ill, and nervous musician. She suffers so much physically and mentally and was greatly in need of spiritual advice, of which I will tell you when I visit you next. I was also able to extend some spiritual advice to both Norma, my niece, and Mrs. Louis; talked to Betty Roche about following the way of the cross daily, and taught my niece Mary Conman how to mortify her desires, prayers, and suffer to gain merits and please Our Lord.

How did you like the picture?
 I was terribly worried, for it proved
 what the non-catholics generally
 think of the priesthood. However, I was
 delighted with the Missionary Priest.
 Another thing. Why do they have to
 show a priest with a bottle of
 whiskey when it would have been
 much finer without it?

This past week has been a very
 peaceful one for a change. Today I
 have been in the prayer of quiet most
 all of the time and each breath was
 an ejaculation.

Mrs. Josephine Donohue has asked
 me to take her with me when I
 visit you next. She is the one living
 as brother and sister. Father she is
 very devout. I know you will be
 pleased with her. The Holy Ghost
 has given her much fortitude and
 perseverance. I am very proud of her.

Father Raymond, O.F.M., Ann's instructor,
 said that Ann haunted him all day
 Christmas and he was very upset be-
 cause he had refused ~~her~~ her Communion.

Jan. 22.— Yesterday and today I have
 been better able to perform little

acts of mortification and sacrifice. Sunday I was humiliated by my husband before a crowd of people and for once I did not answer back, although I suffered so much I could hardly control the tears. I rather, I am not humble, I find that I still like to be thought well of by certain people.

Mrs. De Lille, the dear fly in the ointment, is busy again and was instrumental in almost causing me to fail in charity. Although I held out, I cannot say that I was not angry and thoroughly disgusted with her jealousy.

Patricia is so very busy getting her lessons tonight, bless her little heart. Well, I must enjoy it while I can.

The lady who bought my house is not intending to live in it but she may fix it up and sell. Now I am only guessing, I do not know for sure that she will sell until another week or so.

I believe it is useless to do anything until I ^{get} a definite answer.

Father please pray for a small boy ^{12 yrs.} who has run away from home twice in the last week and is missing again. His mother and all the children are converts and very devout and fine. She has a baby about a month old so you can imagine what this is doing to her. The first time he left with his smaller brother, but this time with another boy his age from St. Cecilia's school.

I dread to think what I would do without your prayers. Thank you so much dear Reverend Father and Director sent by ~~Our~~ dear Lord.

Most humbly and sincerely,

Alta A. Flocca

P. S. This letter displeases me very much. Perhaps it is because it is so poorly written and chopped up. Next time I shall try to do better.

J. M. J.

O. L. A.
Monteale, Ill.

Jan. 7, 1945.

My dear Spiritual Father:

Let me first of all extend
my greetings for a blessed
New Year filled with the
plenitude of His divine blessings.
Your letter of December 16 -
was deeply appreciated for I
realize how very busy you are,
- please I beg your excuses
had my mention of your
silence. I think I was
beside myself when I wrote
last - and somehow with
you I feel as with God
that I can say what I
feel. I tell Him even

when I cinge beneath His
loving hand He must regard
my will to endure all
things with and for Him, and
not my feelings. I tell
you likewise. even if I
Complain know that I
want what is right.

In spite of your telling
me about being cheerful
at Christmas - I felt nothing
of cheer - it seemed more
like Good Friday. I tried
to maintain an exterior cheer
and calm but thought I
should choke from self-
restraint. I was utterly
disgusted with myself

but felt somewhat consoled when I read in the Register about our Holy Father and the subdued ceremonies at Rome due to conditions. I then felt God had let me share in some of the sufferings of the day.

I have something unpleasant to tell you - but I hope you will understand. I have been in a disturbed state of mind again in spite of all my resolutions. It seemed to me I could believe or convince myself of nothing - I felt like a man lost at sea, not knowing where to turn or what to do. Today, feast of the Holy Family - I am once more

at peace. This is how it all
came about - may God help me
to be clear in my manifestation.
We have a Cornubite father
who comes here once a
month for our retreat day, -
when he came a month
ago he gave us a conference
on intimacy with God. As I
have told you many times
it has long seemed to me
I have and am drifting
away from God but by the
grace of God I had suc-
ceeded in convincing myself
that I was no judge in
the matter and that I
should yield my judgment

and submit myself to the judgments and decisions of those who represent Him. in this case there were three of you I had consulted - our Ordinary Confessor, you and another - your decisions were the same as to the state of my soul and though I have never been able to see this I tried to believe on the strength of your decisions, as I felt none were in a better position to judge.

Well to come to the point this good father touched a sore spot - I don't remember what I told

but he thought as I did
and feel. I spent much
time in the chapel, as I
was much in aid - after
a long sleepless night I
decided I must abide
by the decisions of those
who know me better,
you and our ordinaries, and
I thought I was pacified
once more. Then one
day the whole thing came
back to me, and the
more I thought the
more was I convinced
that there is something
wrong with me, and

in my darkness of mind I
did not know where to
turn or what to do. In
hopes of finding a solution
I picked up the second
volume of degrees of the
spiritual life, by Sandeman.
There I thought I found
the barriers that prevented
my union with God.
It is this (I quote as I
remember because I was
told not to read mystical
books for the present) and
I dare not allow myself to
even open the book - (I knew
I would not stop there.)

What I read was the
passage from St. John of
the Cross I think, Chapter 2,
Verse 2 of Dark Night, where
he speaks of the fault of
"heaviness of spirit, a
slothfulness of mind, absorption
in one's thoughts - a certain
laxity which is manifest in
one's resistance to temptations
and in the practice of virtue
and sacrifice. - I was
sure this was my case,
but as I had read only
the quotation I desired to
read more direct from
St. John of the Cross, and I
asked our ordinary - I prefer

not to mention names — to
bring St. John of the Cross
Dark Night that I wanted
to look up something. When
he came I told him about
the barriers I think exists
and when I couldn't make
him see I asked if I
might show him the
passage — he said it was
useless — that he could show
me many more to the
contrary. I asked him to
re-consider but he would not.
When I saw I could avail
nothing I kept still — my
good sense told me to do so.

Then he informed me he
brought the book I asked for.
I remembered St. Theresa's
words that one never errs
by obeying - and that one
should obey one's confessor.
I knew she did, so with
the anguish of soul I experienc-
ed and my question in the
air, I told him he might as
well take the book back since
he felt as he did. And then
for my consolation he told
me to go to God and
complain to Him. I obeyed,
and told Him I thought
the confessor was "hard as nails"

but he was ⁻⁶⁻ kind. I felt deeply.
my aloneness with God and I
think I appreciated a little
what He really means to me.
Somehow I felt what I
received was good for me,
but I was in much indecision
and uncertainty until today
at Holy Mass. I suffer much
because of my inability to
see and decide things for
myself. the more I try
the greater are the difficulties
I encounter. I am told and
so it seems to me, that
I must leave the responsibility
the judgments and decisions of

my soul. life to those who
represent Him for me. There
you hear - it would be
easy. I have implicit trust
in God and I have once
again promised Him trust -
a trust that will carry
me through all regardless
of His instrument. Casting
aside this uneasiness and
tornail and unrest, leaving
to others the responsibility
I will be free to exercise
myself in loving and
serving Him forgetful
of self. I find it most
difficult not to be able

to ascertain and judge for
 myself, truly I have never
 known such uncertainty. To
 have to take from another
 what I would fain know
 from him is hard. He is
 letting me feel my littleness
 yet more and more. If I
 could see and comprise myself
 of what I am told regardless
 of what I feel - but all is
 darkness and I am convinced
 of nothing. Then, too, I fear
 to let loose and leave
 to another what is so
 sacred to me - That grows

my want, of faith in Him —
it is all in self. He is
letting me see this in no
uncertain way. Beseech
God to help me for this
is a costly ordeal. Is it
not a test of my faith
and trust and love? He
has always cared for me
and He will now, I know
I can and must trust Him.
I beg your continued and
constant prayers — I so trust
God and I long for that
rest that can be found
in naught but Him. Be
assured of my continued
remembrance, Respectfully,
Sister Mary

Jan 12-45

P.O. Box 223 - Mar Vista, Cal

Father dear,

I moved yesterday and I hope to be straight
around by Sunday - I feel kind of emancipated - ^{now}
it's an awful way to feel but it's somewhat like
being freed from bondage - I am, however, going
to miss Mass and Holy Communion terribly - It was
due to these treasures from heaven, that our
dearest Lord has been gradually coming back to
me - I wish I were smart enough to convey to
you my innermost thoughts - I don't know
much, but sometimes I get the most
brilliant ideas ^{or rather beautiful thoughts} - just sparks from the
heavenly fire, they must come from the Heart
of Jesus, cause I am empty and know so little
God has been so good to me since I met you
Father and I know thru you I will grow closer &
closer to him again - I may never reach
perfection, that I do not care about ~~but~~ but I do
long to know and love him better - It is
foolish to try and be something I am not supposed
to be - God has showed me by repeated
lessons that my place is very lowly that
I must learn over and over again to be meek & humble

and when I reach that stage of humility
then I shall be very close to the heart of my
Jesus — I beg him to come and stay with me
but father, I am so unworthy — I don't suppose
I will ever be able to make you understand
you know God gets tired trying to make one
perfect — he ^{has} showered his grace upon me and
I have repeatedly cast it aside — I don't know
what's wrong with me — just weak — no
will-power to make the tiny sacrifices
which count so much with God — I have
often watched a spider spin his web — how
patient he is — and how he goes back and forth
strengthening his silken web — our lives — are
the same or rather we could learn a lesson
from the industrious spider, we loosely ~~stay~~
our ^{web} ~~web~~ of life — it breaks in its weak
spots but we must pick it up and
strengthen it by patience, love and one
tiny sacrifice upon another — one is
generally able to make a big sacrifice
there is something heroic and glamorous
about that — but the little sacrifices
which no one sees but a hidden God are

the ones which ^{really} count — why do I write
this way to you who are my father and teacher
I don't mean to be presumptuous, I just forget
so please forgive me if I say anything which
savors of disrespect — you know I don't mean it
that way = I hope soon hear from my padre
I asked him to make a decision and he may
take some time doing so — he is very slow
and cautious & that's the biggest fool I've
asked in my life of him —
F. v. n. l. —

Father I have reached the end of the rope tonight
I can take no more — Why does God torture me
so — sometime it's almost beyond human
endurance — In desperation I took the yoke
the owner had it wired with so little
power I cannot even make toast or
coffee — then the motor broke the
compression tank of my Kelvinator no one
takes the blame — about \$60 for repairs —
I have reached the point tonight that I
told our dearest Lord I could stand no more
beg him to have pity on me & let me
up a little if I were strong so I could work
hard and earn more it would not
be so bad but I am so weak mentally

physically and spiritually he treats me
as he would a saint I dont know what
my Jesus is thinking of —
I must go. I'm waiting for a repair man
I am frozen & tired — & the gas is escaping
from the Refrigerator but its almost ^{time} ^{to} ^{go}
for work

You must be very clever to read
my letters I can not read them myself
when I get there = I am not — no man
yet to fix the Refrigerator — I cannot have
fire — this is the worst move I have ever made
yet I could do nothing else — I cant under
stand Isabel she has been so cold-blooded
about it all — I bet if I dont end up a
P.C.C. I will go to a cage at least I wont
expect anything there — I believe the war
has really unbalanced many people — I dont
mean to complain but I have been desperate
this week — dead tired from work, no place
to sleep and every thing on the blink —
its tough but I can still laugh & I'm a
free american best of all — I am so grateful
for that — and I'm still clear headed thank God

25 Mon. 4 am and I must get busy I think its
always said a poor beginning a good ending
so Im starting the week determined to conquer
the world & pray the old deamon back to
hell where he belongs - I wonder why in
the first place god ever gave satan so much
power - I hope you are well father and
that 1945 holds many blessings for you
Good bye & God love you

Cleveland poor clares sent me Rockford
pictures - the Chapel & statues etc
that I designed believe it or not!

Please dont forget to beg our dearest
Lord to help me - cause really father I
cant take any more.

Loveably - Mary

Remember me to our
dearest Lord at the
most precious moment

Ave, Cor Mariae Immaculatum.

Montezuma Seminary
Montezuma, New Mexico
U. S. A.

Enero 19, 1945.

Rdo. P. Luis Ellacuría, C.M.F.

Reverendo Padre:

Pedí permiso especial para contestar inmediatamente después de mi primera clase de la tarde su gratísima carta, que considero como una amorosa diástole del Corazón Inmaculado de Nuestra queridísima Madre que es tan buena con nosotros.

Mis Padres nunca se casaron; después del nacimiento mío y de mi hermanita lo iban a hacer, cuando se disgustaron... Y este disgusto ha sido sumamente trágico para mí... Perdón V. R. deje escapar esta frase...

Seguiré pidiendo al Corazón de María y a Nuestro Beato Padre, para que si es la voluntad de Dios, este sueño dorado se convierta en realidad fecunda y duradera..

Que Juan Llamasa no se olvide de mí desde el cielo, para que un día pueda reunirme con él a la Congregación triunfante.

Me permito, por conducto de V. R. expresar mi gratitud sincera para con nuestro Rdo. P. Provincial, así como también mis oraciones.

También saludo cariñosamente al Señor Silva y demás antiguos compañeros.

Ahora voy a estudiar mi Fundamental.

B. S. M.

Señor Esteban Lavagnini

A. B. G. D.

J. M. J.

O.L.A.
Manteno, Ill.
Jan. 17, 1945

My dear Spiritual Father:

Here I am again infringing upon your limited time. In your great patience and charity I know you will understand.

I have suffered many things since my last writing which I cannot go into, but it seems my want of clarity of mind and understanding are extending to my exterior duties and my dealings with my sisters. I had asked God to protect me in this, and I trusted Him to guide me aright. I thought, until this past week, that as the darkness increased relative to my own soul, that the light increased for others. Now I do not know, but one cannot continue in this position without the Light of God's guidance. It seems to me I must fully inform our Reverend Mother and leave the matter in God's hands. It was told me this week that while this period of darkness lasts, I ought to seek guidance not only in things interior but exterior as well in so far as I can. To pray for light and do what seems to me right, but to expose my decision or actions when the opportunity presents itself. I have lost all trust in self, and I have none in men, and I am not sure if I have any in God. Yet, withal I cling to Him because He is all I have. I am fearful and in uncertainty. You are too far away to give me the help I need to the extent I need it, but in the power and strength of your prayer I feel a security which far exceeds anything else. Our Ordinary Confessor understands my state of soul, and to a certain point is a help to me but (I may be mistaken) but I do not believe he understands the degree of fidelity God demands of my soul. I feel I am not corresponding fully (please try to believe me in this) and that I need some force from without myself, which I do not have. Sometimes I have thought God permitted that this great liberty should be given me that He Himself might be more free to work in my soul, but believe me please, I am slipping away from Him. Judging from the things Father Mitchke has said to me, I believe he could help me, that he would understand more fully God's demands on my soul and not let me "get by" with so much. Believe me when I say, I need some pressure from without myself. Our Ordinary has been most kind and patient with me, and nothing I have said is in criticism. I am manifesting this to you that I may have your advice in the matter. Please tell me what to do, I will accept your advice as the manifestation of God's will. May His light guide you and enlighten you.

I have read and reread your letter many times, and have tried to penetrate myself with the things you advised me. Please present me to the Eternal Father in, with and through Christ, for oftentimes I am not able even to do this. I know I can count on your prayers and if I am faithful in the least it is due to the prayers of others for my needy soul. In my sufferings and prayers such as they are, be assured of a continuous remembrance.

Respectfully,
In the Holy Heart of Mary

Sister Mary

P.O. Box 223 = Mar Vista, Calif.

Jan. 26 - 1945

Father dear, just a few lines to say hello —
I miss our talks — but I hope I'll be able
to see you before long — I have moved
and am nearly settled and my troubles
are gradually ironing out — things were
pretty dark and dreary for awhile —
but thank God I am beginning to see
the light again —

I have been wondering if Mrs Gately
called on you yet — how do you like her
if she has? — I love her very much
I loved her the first time I met her —

How are you feeling father? I hope
well and that your work becomes easier
as time goes on — You know writing letters
and never getting an answer is a difficult
job — it's like talking over the radio
to an invisible audience! —

I have nothing special to tell you I say

not been able to go to Mass since I
left Delhi even on Sundays - It seems so
long to be without our dearest Lord - I did
not deserve so much love and affection
God is so good to me -

Fri 13⁰ am

Spoke to Mrs Gately last night she will have picture
ready next week and if ready we shall go
and see you Wednesday - I will let you know as
soon as I know something definite if you wish
any changes made we'll bring it back
she is a splendid artist so I guess it will
be just what you want - I hope so at least
Are you still praying for me - please don't let
up - I suffer so much that at times I can hardly
stand it - if God will only accept my pain
for the intentions of his divine Beasts
if they will only be worthwhile enough
to gain acceptance - Dear Cordey keep my
eyes open so I must go out and wake
up until I see you the best of all Gods
gifts to you humbly, Mary -

Sat. 3 am.

Jan 20 - 1945

Dear Father, I have been so tired that I could not keep my eyes open to write you - but this am. I am wide awake so thought I would drop you a few lines. Velda called and will see you soon the picture will be finished next week but I would like to have it for a few days if you do not mind some of the nurses who direct nurses have another opportunity would like to see it - I told Velda you would like to see her - she used to be a Mormon - she studied in several art centers of the world and her work is very beautiful and she is a very beautiful character - she is one person I love dearly.

Miss Mary and holy Com. so much it just as if a great void is in my soul. The other evening I walked down to the sea with Jack - on the way back I gazed at the sky - this might have been an optical illusion, or a natural

occurrence but here is what I saw = two stars
like this * * they were bright and
beautiful suddenly a circle of stars were
formed within these two they were like a
crown and moved in the sky and stood
above my shack they looked like this
* * * * * as I watched and rubbed
my eyes I thought of the star of Bethlehem
and of my humble savior who was born
in a stable. I felt he would bless me and
fill my soul with his gracious presence. as I
watched & thought of my God, the crown faded
and only the two brilliant stars remained
but my soul has been filled with love
and hope and courage to go on — I'll
be awfully poor but God will be in my
unworthy heart —

I hope you are well dear Father
May our Lady and her sweet baby
bless you in every way — I sincerely
wishes you unworthy Mary

J. M. J.

5514 S. Kedzie Avenue
Chicago 29, Illinois
January 30, 1945

Reverend Father Aloysius

Dear Father,

I am sending you some more money (\$15.00) which I received as Mass stipends for John. Will you please say the Masses when you are able?

Sister Mary Catherine and I were in St. Louis for the Memorial Mass and Libera on January 17. My parents and sister are most admirable in their suffering. I beg you, Father, to continue your prayers for them. They are most grateful to you.

Please pray for me, too, as my needs are many. I remember you and your intentions each day. Thank you once again.

Sincerely in Christ,
Sister Mary Christine

SERVANTS OF THE HOLY HEART OF MARY

PROVINCIAL HOUSE

BEAVERVILLE, ILLINOIS

in this work. Moreover, the retreat Master was most encouraging in his comments to me in regard to the Province.

Sr. M. Mediatrix is back at Beaver-ville after her garter operation. Sr. is feeling much better but must not overdo for about a year.

Too bad this garter was not detected before as it was the main cause of her illness and extreme nervousness, and much trouble might have been avoided otherwise. Let us continue to pray that Sr. may continue to improve.

Again, heartfelt and prayerful wishes and God's blessing on another 25 fervent years in God's service crowned by a Golden Jubilee.

Respectfully and gratefully in
the Holy Heart of Mary

Sister St. Emily

S.S.C.M.